

WASP

Women Airforce Service Pilots

1942 - 1992



"Make Your Own Kind Of Music"

SONG BOOK

**50th Anniversary
Women Airforce Service Pilots
San Antonio, Texas
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Designed and Compiled
by
Deanie Bishop Parrish
Class 44-W-4



AVENGER FIELD

AVIATION ENTERPRISES LTD.

THE WASP SONG

words & music by LOES MONK MACKENZIE 43-W-8

With the wind and the sand in our eyes
And our goal placed up high in the skies
We are the WASPS who serve the Air Corps so true,
We're coming, just watch us ZOOM...down upon you!

On through the storm and the sun
Fly on till our mission is done
From factory to base, let the WASPS set the pace,
We're a thousand strong!

HYMN TO AVENGER

—(Tune: Cornell's "High Above Cayuga's Waters")

In the land of crimson sunsets,
Skies are wide and blue,
Stands a school of many virtues,
Loved by old and new.

'neath old glory's banners waving
We fly from dawn till dust,
In God's hand our futures tarry,
And in Him we trust.

Gone before are many daughters,
To carry on her name,
May we live in faith and honor,
Yet to bring her fame.

Long before our duty's ended,
A mem'ry you shall be,
In our hearts we pledge devotion,
Avenger Field to thee!

YOU'LL GO FORTH

(Tune: Dig Your Grave With A Silver Spade)

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santiago blue and a heart that sings
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your h.p. tricks to the babes in '6'
Leave your h.p. tricks to the babes in '6'
Leave your big city tricks to the gals in the sticks--
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun
You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun
You can leave LaRue's killin' to the gals still
willin'
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
You can leave all the Links with their gadgets galore
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave all the cricks from the neck to the knee
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your cross-country buzzin' to your W-2 cousin
Leave your cross-country buzzin' to your W-2 cousin
Leave the hedge-hoppin' fun that was W-1.
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santiago blue and a heart that sings
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.



YANKEE DOODLE PILOTS

We are Yankee Doodle Pilots,
Yankee Doodle, do or die!
Real, live nieces of our Uncle Sam,
Born with a yearning to fly.

Keep in step to all our classes
March to flight line with our pals.

Yankee Doodle came to Texas
Just to fly the PT's!
We are those Yankee Doodle Gals.



GOIN' BACK TO WHERE I COME FROM

I'm goin' back to where I come from
Where the honeysuckly smells so sweet
It darn near makes you sick.
I usta think my life was hum-drum,
But I sure have leared a lesson that is bound to stick.
There ain't no use in my pretending',
But the city just ain't no place
For a gal like me to end in.

I crawled away from every check ride,
Hurdled all the tees and stages,
Got with instruments & gages.
RONs were mighty pleasant
And our navigating efforts were a sight to see.

DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DO DO DO.

There ain't no use in my pretendin'
That the Army is the proper place,
For a gal like me to end in.
I'm going back to where I come from,
But I'll have my silver wings and Santiago Blues.
DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DO DO DO.

When I grow old and have a grandson,
I'll tell him how I flew and watch his eyes bug out.
And you can bet that he'll believe me,
And he'll do the same dern thing
When he grows up, no doubt.
That's how it goes. That's how it should be.
Cause he got it from his grandma...HE WAS BORN TO FLY!

DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DO DO DO.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A rambling woman, a gambling woman, drunk every night
I order porterhouse steak three times a day for my board
And that is more than any decent gal in town can afford!

I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool while I eat,
A tall and handsome man to keep me warm while I sleep,
I'm just a rambling woman, a gambling woman,
And boy am I tight.

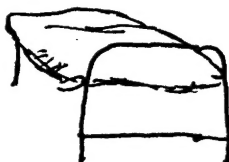
I just called up to tell you
That I'm rugged but right!
HO-HO-HO, rugged but right!

We may be brown-skinned lassies but what do we care,
We've got those well-built chassis
And that take it or leave it air

We've got the hips that sank the ships
In England, France & Peru,
And if you're like Napoleon, then it's your Waterloo.

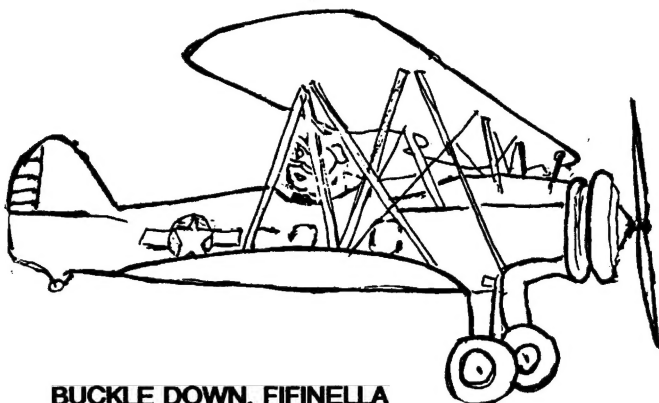
I'll take a fifteen minute intermission in your V-8,
I'd like to make it longer, but I've got a late date,
My motto has always been "Gone With The Wind",
So let's breeze it tonight,

I just called up to tell you
That I'm rugged but right!
HO-HO-HO, rugged but right!



I WANNA BE A MISS H. P.

I wanna be a Miss H. P.
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit more,
I wanna be a WASP trainee,
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit more
I wanna be a graduate, and then I'll ask no more
For I'll have all that's coming to me,
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit, H'mmmmmmm and a little bit,
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit more!



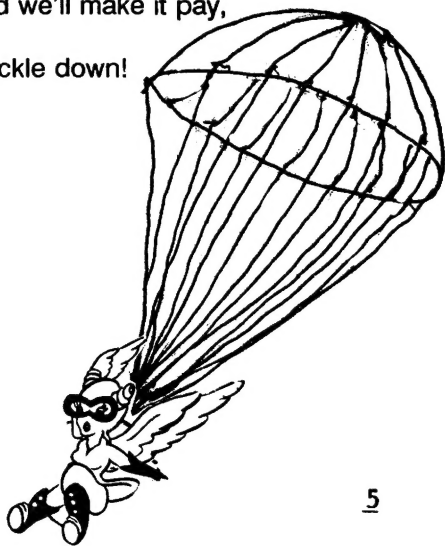
BUCKLE DOWN, FIFINELLA

(Tune: "Buckle Down Winsock!")

Buckle down, Fifinella, buckle down,
You can win, Fifinella, if you'll buckle down,
You can really fly, if you'll only try,
Take it way up high and bring it down.

Six to go, Fifinella, don't be slow,
Stay an eager beaver, you'll be in the show.
Don't get in a spin, take it on the chin,
And you're bound to win,
If you will only buckle down.

If you fight, your luck will not retreat,
If you work, you'll overcome defeat,
Buckle down, Fifinella, buckle down,
Don't you frown, Fifinella,
You'll get off the ground,
We'll count every day and we'll make it pay,
For we're here to stay,
Because we're gonna buckle down!



I'M A FLYING WRECK

(Words by: Thelma Bryan 43-W-5)

I'm a flying wreck a riskin' my neck
And a helluva pilot too!
A helluva, helluva, helluva,
Helluva, helluva pilot, too!
Like all the jolly good flyers,
The gremlins treat me mean,
I'm a flyin' wreck, a riskin' my neck
For the good ole 318th!

If I had a PT sir, I'd paint it blue and gold,
I'd take it up 5000 feet and make the damned thing roll!
Oh, if I had a PT, sir, I'd fly it off in the sky,
I'd circle over Germany and spit in the Fuehrer's eye!

If I had a civilian check, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd pop the stick and break his neck
And probably get a "U",
If I had an Army ride, I'd take off without my flaps,
And show him that an easier job
Would be over fightin' Japs!

When the General comes, Sir,
To view us in our drill,
We'll do a four winds march, Sir,
And check out o'er the hill,
And when he calls 'ATTENTION',
We'll click our heels and yell,
'I'm just a raw civilian, sir,
And you can go to HELL"

And when the course is over,
We won't be good at all,
We'll dine and date in every state
And bathe in alcohol,
And when vacation's over,
Of course, we'll all be late,
It'll take six months of LaRue's stuff
To get us back in shape!



ROLL OUT THE AIRPLANES!

(Tune: "Roll out the Barrel")

Roll out the airplanes,
We've got a big job to do,
Roll out the airplanes
Hurry so we can get through!



We'll practice sequence
When we go up every day,
Just so we can ferry airplanes
For the U. S. A.!

THE MESS HALL SONG

(Tune: "Long, Long Trail A-winding")

There's a long long trail a-winding
Up to the mess hall each day.
We tramp, (we tramp) that never ending road
Three times a day.
When the long platoon has halted
That's when we all comprehend,
No matter where we're standing
They peel off from the other end.

There's a long, long line a-waiting
A- waiting patiently to eat
We only stand an hour or so
Upon our weary feet,
When at last we get to dining
We're all so tired, we're just all in.
Then comes the call that drives us crazy,
Everybody fall in!



DO YOU HAVE YOUR WINGS?

Who's that yonder green as grass?
Must be the W-8 freshman class,
Don't know when to turn or where
And it's just beginner's luck that keep 'em in the air.

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
ALL: It's a long, long way but we'll get 'em you bet.

Who's that yonder shining like a light?
Must be the gals of the W-7 flight.
Full of facts, they try to pass,
Still you know it's not gold for it's only brass.

Who's that reciting with eyes tightly shut?
Can't seem to think what goes with what.
It's the cockpit procedure of the AT-6
Ant it has W-6 in an awful fix.

Who's that yonder driven to drink?
Must be the gals on the doggoned Link.
Check your altitude and speed of air,
Still they fly all day and they get nowhere.

Who's that flying hither, thither 'n' yon?"
One day they're here and the next they're gone.
Must be W-4's cross country trips,
Ask about social life, they'll give you good tips.

Who's that yonder in Hangar Three
That was the ramp of the old PT
Now it's "Home Sweet Home" to W-10
They may get out but they don't know when.



Who's that coming out from under the hood
Frayed around the edges but it's understood,
It's W-9 and they look a bit lit
Think they're through with rate-group
& dit-dah dit-dah dah-dit

Who's that yonder flying like an ace?
She rides the skies with a lazy grace.
She's dressed in blue and her pride you can see.
No, you don't have to guess, you know it's W-3.

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?

Harmony: Oh, yes, my pet.

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?

Harmony: Oh, yes, my pet.

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?

All: It's a long, long way
and we earned 'em you bet!



DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

We damn near freeze
In these open PT's
XXXX Deep in the heart of Texas,

We're never at ease
In these big BT's
XXXX Deep in the heart of Texas.

If you don't lock the latch,
You'll fall out of the hatch
XXXX Deep in the heart of Texas,

If you don't relax
You'll be in Air Facts,
XXXX Deep in the heart of Texas.

WE WERE ONLY ONLY FOOLING

(Tune: "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah")

When we go to ground school we're as happy as can be
We work and sweat and slave like mad and never get a D
When we go to ground school we're as happy as can be
Like HELL we are, like HELL!

**We were only, only fooling
We were only, only fooling
We were only, only fooling
Like HELL we were, like HELL!**

When we leave Avenger, we will all sit down and cry,
When we leave Avenger, we will all sit down and cry,
When we leave Avenger, we will all sit down and cry,
Like HELL we will, like HELL!

(REPEAT CHORUS)

When the war is over, we will all fly Cubs again,
When the war is over, we will all fly Cubs again,
When the war is over, we will all fly Cubs again,
Like HELL we will, like HELL!

(REPEAT CHORUS)

When the war is over, we will be instructor's wives,
When the war is over, we will be instructor's wives,
When the war is over, we will be instructor's wives,
Like HELL we will , like HELL!

(REPEAT CHORUS)



ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Before I was a member of the AAFTD
I used to be a working girl in Washington, D.C
My boss he was unkind to me,
He worked me night and day,
I always had the time to work
But never time to play.



**SINGING ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND WINGS OF SILVER, TOO
HE'LL FERRY AIRPLANES LIKE HIS MAMA USED TO DO.**

Along came a pilot, ferrying a plane,
He asked me to go fly with him down in lover's lane
And I, just like a silly fool, thinking it no harm
Cuddled in the cockpit to keep the pilot warm.

**SINGING ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND WINGS OF SILVER, TOO
HE'LL FERRY AIRPLANES LIKE HIS MAMA USED TO DO.**

Early in the morning before the break of day
He handed me a shortsnot bill
And this I heard him say,
Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done,
For you may have a daughter, or you may have a son;
If you have a daughter, teach her how to fly,
If you have a son, put the (bleep) in the sky.

**SINGING ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND WINGS OF SILVER, TOO
HE'LL FERRY AIRPLANES LIKE HIS MAMA USED TO DO.**

The moral of this story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee.
He'll kiss you and caress you, and promise to be true
And have a girl at every field as all the pilots do.

**SINGING ZOOTSUITS AND PARACHUTES
AND WINGS OF SILVER, TOO
HE'LL FERRY AIRPLANES LIKE HIS MAMA USED TO DO.**

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,
I've got sixpence to last me all my life.
I've got twopence to spend and twopence to lend
And twopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me, no tall and handsome man
To deceive me, I'm happy as a queen, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day when the Air Corps gets its pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got fourpence, jolly, jolly fourpence,
I've got fourpence to last me all my life,
I've got twopence to spend and twopence to lend,
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife

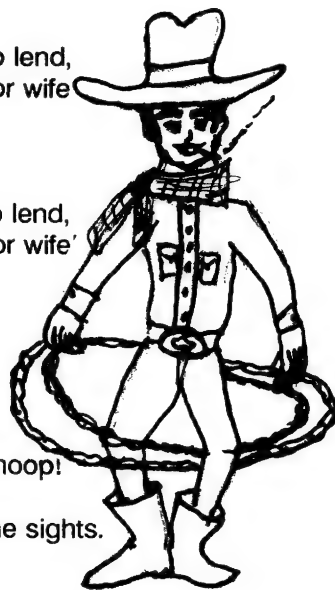
I've got twopence, jolly, jolly twopence,
I've got twopence to last me all my life,
I've got twopence to spend and no pence to lend,
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife

THE GAY DESPERADO

A bold, bad man was this desperado,
From Cripple creek, way out in Colorado,
And he walks around just like a big tornado,
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop!

He went to Coney Island just to take in all the sights.
To see the hoochy-coochers
And the girls dressed up in tights,
But they got him so excited that he shot out all the lights,
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop!

A great big fat policeman came a'walkin' down his beat,
He saw this desperado come a'roarin' down the street,
He grabbed him by the whiskers
And he grabbed him by his seat,
And he put him where he could not give his war whoop!



GEE, MOM, I WANT TO GO HOME

The **coffee** that they give us they say is very fine
It's good for cuts and bruises, and tastes like iodine,
I don't want no more of Army life, **Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **doughnuts** that they give us they say are very fine,
One fell off the table and killed a pal of mine,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **Army cots** they give us they say are very fine,
They're not for beauty resting, but straightening of the spine,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **zoot suits** that they give us they say are mighty fine,
You keep right on marching, and they move along behind,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **airplanes** that they give us they say are mighty fine,
The darn things can't shoot stages, they will not hit the line,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **quizzes** that they give us, they say are mighty fine,
We never know the answers, we're mixed up all the time,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

The **typhoid shots** they give us will make us all immune,
They stick a needle in us and knock us out 'till June,
I don't want no more of Army life, **gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

But Momma, dear, the truth is, we know it's mighty fine,
We love it all, no kidding, we think it is sublime,
We still want some more of Army life,
No mom, we're not coming home!





'WE GOT THE STUFF, THE RIGHT STUFF'

©1992 Deanie Bishop Parrish

Way out in west Texas where the water is sweet
With cactus and rattlesnakes six feet deep
They cut off the top of a big ole' hill
And they named it Avenger-- Avenger Field
What a field--too--dusty--Not fit for humans--

They built the barracks, six cots to a room
Filled 'em with cadets, but they found out soon
Those BOYS couldn't take it--too hot, no air
So they moved them out, and put the gals in there
Thought we couldn't take it, go home to mama
Dream on, fly boys, dream on

WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

Summers so hot we put our cots outside
Winters so cold we shovelled snow bust high
Marched to the flight line, sang all the way
Wished on the well that we could stay
Make it through the check ride, and show those guys
Show 'em what?

WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF

Don't mess with instructors was one of the rules
And you better be sure you're not caught with booze
Surprise inspections? don't be slow
Put the booze down the toilet, and away it goes
Cleaned out those pipes--real clean
Avenger's pipes are still clean
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

We earned our wings cause we could fly
But good assignments? well that's a flat lie
They put us in crates that the guys wouldn't fly
And sent us on missions even birds wouldn't try
We flew them all--every mission
Without hesitation, and you know WHY?
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

They promised us the moon and gave us the pits
But we kept on flying, and bit our lips
Cause we had faith,-- we'd forgive the past
When we got our commissions as Air Force BRASS
What a laugh, what a joke
We should've been wheels--not spokes, and YOU KNOW WHY
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

Those Christmas presents were so sincere
Discharge papers, and a kick in the rear
We took on the fight, and vowed we'd try
To set the record straight, and YOU KNOW WHY?
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

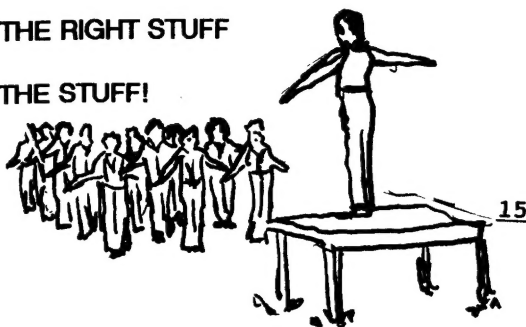
We stuck it out, day and night
We didn't give up, made em do it right
It took thirty- five years to get recognition
They thought we'd go away, but we held our position
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

For fifty years we've been around
Our hearts in the sky, our feet on the ground
With smiles on our faces we can stand on our own
And tell our story, we've always known
WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

We did it-- that ain't no mystery
We earned it--our place in history
We were the first, we were the BEST
We set the records for all the rest
CAUSE WE GOT THE STUFF. THE RIGHT STUFF. WE GOT THE STUFF.

Do you still have the stuff, the right stuff?
Do you still have the stuff?
Then **STAND ON UP, STAND UP, AND SHOW US YOUR STUFF**
EVERY WASP...AND SHOW US YOUR STUFF, THE RIGHT STUFF

WE STILL GOT THE STUFF, THE RIGHT STUFF
WE GOT THE STUFF...etc.
BE PROUD YOU STILL GOT THE STUFF!





(Tune: Swinging On A Star)

Would you like to swing on a star
Ferry AT's home from afar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a WAC?

A WAC may be an officer
With bright bars that shine
Her olive green and everything looks fine,
She's very proud of the name she bears,
As for you, you don't want her cares,
Her olive green was never meant for you,
You want the Santiago Blue!



Would you like to loop 'round a star
Ferry AT's home from afar
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a WAVE?



A WAVE may be an ensign or a seaman first class,
Her uniform of Navy blue will pass,
As the Navy says her weight in gold she's worth,
But who would want to be confined to earth,
As for you, she can keep all of those things,
You'd rather have your silver wings.

You made a choice and carried it through,
You've got your wings and your Santiago Blue--
So now that all your training is through
You will be flying near and far,
And truly swinging on a star!

SHOW ME

Show me a Scotchman who doesn't love a thistle,
Show me an Irishman who doesn't love a rose,
Show me the true heart of every Fifinella,
Who doesn't love the spot (gesture: THUMP! THUMP!)
Where her silver wings go-o-o-o-o...



THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

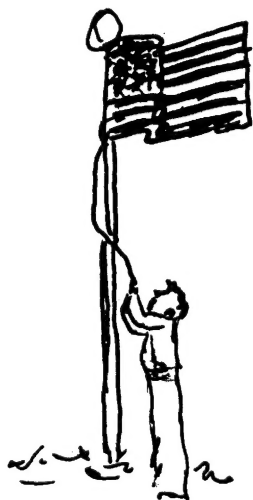


Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun! Give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar,
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps.

Here's a toast to the host of those who love
The vastness of the sky;
To a friend we'll send a message
Of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score
The rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast,
The Army Air Corps.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived, God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,
Gave us wings ever to soar,
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Keep the wings level and true,
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we'll carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps now!



THIS SONG BOOK IS DEDICATED TO OUR WASP
CLASSMATES WHO NO LONGER SING WITH US,
BUT WHO HAVE LIFTED THEIR WINGS AND
SOARED TO HEIGHTS UNKNOWN--WHERE THE
SKIES ARE ALWAYS CLEAR AND THE LIGHT OF
THE WORLD SHINES ON THEIR BEAUTIFUL
FACES.

I cannot say, I will not say
That she is dead. She is merely flown away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has soared to a strange new land.
And left us gazing up at the sky,
We, who are earthbound, we, who sigh.
Yet pause and think how surpassing fair,
It needs must be since she lingers there.
And you, O you, who wistfully yearn,
For the landing plane and the glad return.
Think of her as soaring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.
She has climbed to the peaks above storm and cloud,
She has found the light of the sun and of God.
I cannot say, I will not say
That she is dead. She is merely flown away.

A poem by James Whitcomb Riley
Altered by S. Carson Wasson
for Mary Holmes Howson, WASP Trainee
April 23, 1944